

BURNS IN CHARGE OF MURDER HUNT; POLICE SAVE WOMAN WITNESS FROM MOB

Weather—Fair to-night and Probably Sunday; warmer.

A Complete Short Story
BY
America's Best Short Story Writer

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The Harbinger

By O. HENRY

The Story of a Solitary Dollar, Three Gotham Soldiers of Fortune Who Coveted It, and Cupid's Flirtation With Mammon.

(This is the third of a series of O. Henry's best short stories. One of these stories will be printed each Saturday, throughout the summer.)

LONG before the springtime is felt in the dull bosom of the yolk does the city man know that the grass-green goddess is upon her throne. He sits at his breakfast table and, begirt by stone walls, opens his morning paper and sees journalism leave verminism at the post.

For, whereas, spring's couriers were once the evidence of our dear senses, now the Associated Press does the trick. The warble of the first robin in Hackensack, the stirring of the maple sap in Bennington, the budding of the pussy willows along Main street in Syracuse, the first chirp of the bluebird, the swan song of the Blue Point, the annual tornado in St. Louis, the plaint of the peach pessimist from Pompton, N. J., the regular visit of the tame wild goose with a broken leg to the pond near Bilkwater Junction, the base attempt of the Drug Trust to boost the price of quinine folded in the House by Congressman Jinks, the first tall poplar struck by lightning and the usual stunned picknickers who had taken refuge, the first crack of the ice jam in the Allegheny River, the finding of a violet in its mossy bed by the correspondent at Round Corners—these are the advance signs of the burgeoning season that are wired into the wise city, while the farmer sees nothing but winter upon his dreary fields.

But these are mere externals. The true harbinger is the heart. When Strephon feels his Chloë and Mike his Maggie, then only is spring arrived and the newspaper report of the five-foot rat killed in Squire Pettigrew's pasture confirmed.

Here the first violet blew, Mr. Peters, Mr. Ragsdale and Mr. Kidd sat together on a bench in Union Square and conspired. Mr. Peters was the D'Arctagnan of the loafers three. He was the youngest, the latest, the scarcest brown blot against the green background of any bench in the park. But just then he was the most important of the trio.

Mr. Peters had a wife. This had not before affected his standing with Ragsdale and Kidd. But to-day it invested him with peculiar interest. His friends, having escaped matrimony, had shown a disposition to deride Mr. Peters for his venture on the troubled sea. But at last they had been forced to acknowledge that either he had been gifted with a large foresight or that he was one of Fortune's lucky sons.

For, Mr. Peters had a dollar. A whole dollar bill, good and receivable by the Government for customs, taxes and all public dues. How to get possession of that troubled sea. But up for discussion by the three musty musketeers.

"How do you know it was a dollar?" asked Ragsdale, the immensity of the ask inclining him to skepticism.

"The coal man sent her here," said Mr. Peters. "She went out to do some washing yesterday. And look what she gave me for breakfast—the best of a loaf of bread and a cup of coffee, and her with a dollar."

"Maguire," said Ragsdale, pointedly, "has got his back bent out. If we had a dollar we could—"

"Hush up!" said Mr. Peters, licking his lips. "We got to get that case some other way. Ain't what a man's wife's his? Leave it to me. I'll go over to the house and get it. Wait here for me."

High up in a tenement house between Second avenue and the river lived the Peterses in a back room so gloomy that the landlord blushed to take the rent for it. Mrs. Peters worked at sundry times, doing odd jobs of scrubbing and washing. Mr. Peters had a pure unbroken record of five years without having earned a penny. And yet they clung together, being creatures of habit. Of habit, the power that keeps the earth from flying to pieces; though there is some silly theory of evolution.

The door opened to admit Mr. Peters. His fox terrier eyes expressed a wish. His wife's diagnosis located correctly the seat of it, but misread it hunger instead of thirst.

"You'll get nothing more to eat till night," she said, looking out of the window again. "Take your hound dog's face out of the room."

Mr. Peters's eye calculated the distance between them. With the thoughts of the delicious, cool back or Cullinbacker bracing his nerves, he was near to upsetting his own theories of the treatment due to a gentleman to a lady. But, with his lover's love for the more artistic and less strenuous word, he chose diplomacy first, the high card in the game—the assumed attitude of success already attained.

"You have a dollar," he said, loftily, but significantly in the tone that goes with the lighting of a cigar—when the properties are at hand.

"I have," said Mrs. Peters, producing the bill from her bosom and crackling it, teasingly.

"I am offered a position in a—in a tea store," said Mr. Peters. "I am to begin work to-morrow. But it will be necessary for me to buy a pair of—"

"You are a liar," said Mrs. Peters, reinterring the note. "No tea store nor junk shop would have you. I robbed the skin off both the hen and the washin' jumpers and overall to make that dollar. Do you think it came out of their suits to buy the kind you put into your skidoo? Get your mind off money."

Evidently the power of Tallyrand were not worth one hundred cents on that dollar. But diplomacy is dexterous. The

CRANK ARRESTED AFTER CALLS AT GAYNOR'S OFFICE

Visits Began the Day After the Rosenthal Killing and Have Been Continued Daily.

SEEMS TO BE HARMLESS.

Tells the Police He Is J. E. A. Soubirous, a "Professor of Shumanism."

The day after the killing of Herman Rosenthal a strange looking little man appeared at the Mayor's office and insisted that he be admitted to the Mayor's presence. He was undersized, appeared to be about forty-five years old, and had a brownish gray beard and mustache which partially concealed a pale face. He carried a gold-headed cane in his right hand and a square parcel, wrapped in newspaper, under his left arm.

The little man was turned away from the Mayor's door on his first appearance and Policemen McKittrick and Kennel, who guard the outer portal of the office, were instructed not to allow him to enter the hallway. The next day and every day succeeding the first call the trim, neat figure of the little man has appeared before the door of the Mayor's office.

CENTRAL OFFICE MEN CALLED TO QUESTION HIM.

At each call the same thing happened. The man insisted angrily that he must see the Mayor, and was very sorry when he was turned away. Thursday two Central office men were called down to the City Hall to await the expected visit of the strange caller. They questioned him, and, so they say, the man admitted the authorship of certain letters the Mayor has received in the last few days, which are described as "threatening."

On Thursday the Central Office detectives trailed the mysterious visitor after he had left the City Hall and last night they did the same thing. Where he went or what he did they would not say to-day. They thought the City Hall had seen the last of the strange little man with the square box.

But at 10 o'clock to-day the little fellow showed up promptly carrying the same square newspaper wrapped box under his left arm. The two Headquarters detectives gently led him out through the rear entrance to the City Hall and up Lafayette street in the direction of the Centre Street Court.

On the way they "frisked" him for concealed weapons; they found none. The paper wrapped parcel under his arm was found to contain nothing more dangerous than packets of letters.

The little man was arraigned before Magistrate Kernochan on a warrant which Lieut. Patrick H. Gilday, one of the Headquarters detectives, obtained yesterday from Magistrate McQuade.

TELLS OF HIS MISSION TO GAYNOR'S OFFICE.

Before his arraignment he consented to tell the detectives all about himself and his mission to the Mayor's office. It had nothing to do with the Rosenthal murder, as the policeman on guard had suspected.

His name, the little fellow said, was J. E. A. Soubirous; he was a druggist and a "professor of Humanism and the positive lives in alternative trilogism."

He lived at No. 618 East One Hundred and Forty-eighth street. The professor in alternative trilogism declared that he wanted protection against a nefarious conspiracy of the big druggists and physicians of the city, who were out to ruin him. He had written letters protesting against official inactivity to District-Attorney Whitman, United States District-Attorney Henry A. Wise of the Federal Court and Postmaster-General Hitchcock. He decided to the magistrate that he had written any letters to the Mayor, though he had admitted privately that he had done so.

When the "professor" stood before Magistrate Kernochan for arraignment he made an extended oration, saying among other things the District-Attorney Wise and other Federal and city officials had prevented him from collecting money that was due him, and that the only reason why he had tried to see the Mayor was the desire to get justice. He was asked how he got his strange title and replied that it was "registered in the National Library at Washington."

Kernochan committed him to the psychopathic ward at Bellevue for observation.

EMPEROR MUTSUHITO OF JAPAN, SUDDENLY DECLARED NEAR DEATH



NO SMASHING OF STEEL TRUST SAYS STANLEY

Denies Congress Committee Will Recommend Dissolution of Corporation.

WASHINGTON, July 20.—Chairman Stanley of the House Steel Trust Investigating Committee today authorized a denial of reports that the committee would recommend the dissolution of the United States Steel Corporation.

Stirred by recent publication of what purported to be substantial portions of the committee's report or its recommendations, Chairman Stanley today declared he would no longer be silent and would from time to time give to the public the conclusions of his colleagues on the committee.

Mr. Stanley is said to feel that leakage from the sessions of the Steel Committee has aided the efforts of certain persons to hoodwink the public by circulation of the report that the committee would recommend the dissolution of the Steel Corporation. The committee, he says, agreed that no recommendation for dissolution would be included in the report when the Government suit against the Steel Corporation was filed.

Some of the things the Democratic members of the committee really have agreed upon follow:

That hereafter the records of the office of the Commissioner of Corporations shall be open to Congress.

They will propose to amend the act creating the Department of Commerce and Labor to make the investigations of the bureau available to Congress as well as the President. This determination is said to have been influenced by the refusal of Herbert Knox Smith, former Commissioner of Corporations, to give the Stanley committee the facts he had gleaned from the steel trade.

The important part sheets of the Steel Trust, given to Commissioner Smith on the stipulation that they were not to be copied, are said to have been destroyed before the committee wanted them. The committee has decided to recommend legislation to make the Federal Commissioner of Corporations accountable to Congress.

The Democrats have agreed to a bill to prevent any stockholder or officer of any locomotive, car, coal, coke or steel company from serving as a director on any interstate commerce carrier.

Some of the things the Democratic members of the committee really have agreed upon follow:

The majority of the committee also has agreed to a proposed amendment of section four of the Sherman Act, giving any injured party the right to sue on an equality with the Government to enjoin a conspiracy in restraint of trade.

As the law stands, the injured party may sue for triple damages. Under the proposed amendment one would have equal right with the Government to seek a preventive decree as well as the right to collect damages.

Dougherty's Detective Bureau, 21 West 11th Street, New York City.

JAPANESE RULER IS UNCONSCIOUS AND NEAR DEATH

Illness of Emperor Mutsuhito Was Kept Secret and People Are Taken by Surprise.

HIS CABINET CALLED.

Royal Princes and Other Nobles Also at Palace on Summons of Doctors.

TOKIO, July 20.—Mutsuhito, the Emperor of Japan, is dying and all the members of the royal family have been summoned to the Palace. He is unconscious and the end may come at any moment.

The news of the Emperor's condition came as a great surprise, the fact that he has been in failing health for some time and critically ill for several days having been kept secret.

The Emperor's condition at 3 o'clock this afternoon was so critical that the ministers of state were assembled at the Palace and the announcement was made that His Majesty was sinking.

ILLNESS TOOK CRITICAL TURN A WEEK AGO.

The court physicians in attendance on His Majesty diagnosed the case as acute nephritis. A bulletin issued from the Palace at 3 o'clock this afternoon was as follows:

"The Emperor has been suffering from diabetes since 1904. This developed into chronic kidney trouble in 1908."

Another bulletin issued by the attending physicians gives the history of the Emperor's illness as follows:

"Since July 14 His Majesty has been suffering from intestinal trouble. Great weakness followed the early attacks, this symptom increasing rapidly. On July 15 His Majesty became unconscious and his brain was affected. On the evening of July 19 the fever suddenly increased, showing a temperature of 104.7. The pulse rate was 104 and the respiration 34."

The announcement of the critical illness of His Majesty came as a severe shock to the people of the capital. The news was announced in the Night News at 12:15 o'clock this afternoon and it permeated through the empire very rapidly. At 3 P. M. the entire city of Tokio was impressively quiet. Anxious crowds assembled about the newspaper bulletin boards eagerly awaiting news.

The present situation is without precedent in the history of the new Japan. The news of His Majesty's illness came as an absolute surprise, and its unexpected announcement resulted in the quick collapse of prices on the local stock exchange.

The Imperial Princes have been summoned from their summer residences and, together with all the nobles at present in the capital, they repaired to the palace, where they await the latest news from the sick chamber.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

AT PITTSBURGH.

PITTSBURGH—

AT ST. LOUIS.

BROOKLYN—

ST. LOUIS—

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

AT NEW YORK.

CLEVELAND—

HIGHLANDERS—

AT PHILADELPHIA.

ATHLETICS—

AT BOSTON.

CHICAGO—

BOSTON—

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GUNFIGHTER LEADER OF GANG ACCUSED OF ROSENTHAL'S MURDER



ACTRESS SLAIN; ADMIRER IS SHOT BY JEALOUS RIVAL

Man Named by Police as Murderer Kills Himself on Mountain at Allentown, Pa.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., July 20.—Miss Lorraine Cayne, an actress, twenty-three years old, was found murdered in her apartment here to-day. A few feet away from her William J. Free, a prominent business man of South Bethlehem, was found lying fatally wounded. Both had been shot, the police allege by Eric Schaeffer, a theatrical man, an admirer of the young woman for whom a general police alarm was sent out.

Schaeffer, for whom the police had been searching in connection with the murder, committed suicide on the Lehigh Mountain this afternoon.

A policeman patrolling his beat to-day heard five shots in quick succession from the apartment occupied by Miss Cayne. As he started for the house he says Schaeffer came out of the door and ran down the street. He gave chase but failed to overtake the man and returned to the house.

Miss Cayne was lying on the floor with a bullet through her head. In an adjoining room Free was lying, shot twice through the body. Before an ambulance surgeon reached the scene the woman died.

Free was rushed to the hospital and an operation performed, but the doctors stated that there was no hope for him and that his death was only a question of hours.

District-Attorney Rupp was summoned, and to him Free told the story of the shooting. He said that he had called on Miss Cayne and they were conversing when the door was broken in by the theatrical man whom the policeman says he saw running away from the house. Without a word the man drew a pistol and fired point blank at them. He then made his escape.

The police say the men were rivals for the young woman's affections, and that she sent a letter to Schaeffer yesterday telling him she wanted to have nothing more to do with him.

Schaeffer and Free had a flat fight on the street last winter over Miss Cayne. The search of the police for Schaeffer led in the direction of Lehigh Mountain, and Chief Bernhard of the Allentown force picked the mountain with a squad of men.

This afternoon Schaeffer appeared at the home of John Smith, at the base of the mountain, and spoke to Smith. The latter turned to go away and hardly gave twenty feet when he was broken in by the theatrical man whom the policeman says he saw running away from the house. Without a word the man drew a pistol and fired point blank at them. He then made his escape.

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BURNS HEADS ARMY OF MAN-HUNTERS BY WHITMAN'S DIRECTION

Great Detective Puts Own Staff at Work to Corroborate Complete Chain of Evidence in Rosenthal Murder.

WOMAN WITNESS CHASED BY MOB AT HEADQUARTERS

Assistant District - Attorney Moss Orders Police to Arrest Every Witness of Killing.

William J. Burns, of national reputation as a detective in big graft cases, arrived in town this afternoon and went at once to his office at No. 21 Park Row. It is said Burns has been engaged by private citizens to assist District-Attorney Whitman to go to the bottom of the murder of Herman Rosenthal, the gambler and informer against the alleged partnership between police and gamblers. Burns arrived to take full charge of the inquiry. He was met at his offices by a score or more of his operatives from almost as many cities, who arrived with baggage in their hands and with every evidence of having been hurriedly summoned.

Mr. Burns said that he was too busy and that the matters occupying his attention were too urgent for him to take time to make any public statements about it. His men were sent in to see him and assigned to hurried tasks almost as soon as they arrived.

While Burns was getting to work the appearance of an automobile belonging to Sadie Bernard, said to be related to Sam and Dick Bernard, the actors, caused something of a disturbance at Police Headquarters. Dick Bernard was an intimate friend of Herman Rosenthal and was one of the last of those who warned him to leave town on the Monday evening before he was killed, saying that he was sure that a murder plot was forming against him.

WOMAN CALLER AT HEADQUARTERS MOBBED.

The young woman believed to have been Miss Bernard and another young woman who was with her were separately escorted to Deputy Commissioner's office, closely followed by Dick Bernard. They emerged there was a crowd about the entrance of the building. It had collected about the automobile which brought them, following it as the car circled slowly about the building and hooting in derision of the supposed repetition of the summoning of witnesses to Headquarters by the "pink tea" method.

The chauffeur of the machine, apparently believing that his party had left the building while he was attempting to escape the mob of curiosity seekers, left and went uptown. His passengers came out a few minutes later and one of the young women was so much overcome by the sight of the crowd that she fainted. She was revived in the banking house of Adeli Paoli at Mulberry and Broome streets. There members of the strong arm squad, assisted by the reserves from the Mulberry street station, escorted the pair out of the neighborhood.

"Bridge" Webber, who is out on bail of \$100 as a material witness, was in the automobile when it arrived at Headquarters. He attempted to prevent photographers from taking pictures of the women of the party when they were entering, and went back to the totemau, and was still there when the chauffeur fled uptown.

In the midst of all the excitement over the Bernard automobile, a couple, who were afterwards explained to be "Lefty" Jack Lewis of Harlem, the owner of a saloon and the president of the Jack Lewis Association, with a woman he introduced as his wife, appeared at another door of Headquarters. Lewis came downtown with the understanding that he had an opportunity to clear himself of confusion of identity with an East Side gangfighter of similar name, who has been mentioned in connection with the murder. Deputy Commissioner Dougherty was apparently satisfied with his explanation and allowed him to go.

THREATENED WITH ROSENTHAL'S FATE.

The intensity of feeling in the all-night district aroused by the conflicting interests following the murder of Rosenthal was exemplified late this afternoon when a low-browed young man walked into the West Forty-fifth street barber shop of John Reiser, known as "John the Barber," who has a wide acquaintance among all sorts of sporting people and

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THEATRE OFFICE
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